

Oh, but life went gayly, gayly,  
In the house of Idiedaily!

*In the  
House of  
Idiedaily.*

There the hearth was always warm,  
From the slander of the storm.

There your comrade was your neighbor,  
Living on to-morrow's labor.

And the board was always steaming,  
Though Sir Ringlets might be dreaming.

Not a plate but scoffed at porridge,  
Not a cup but floated borage.

There were always jugs of sherry  
Waiting for the makers merry,

And the dark Burgundian wine  
That would make a fool divine.

Oh, but life went gayly, gayly,  
In the house of Idiedaily!

#### RESIGNATION.

*B* **W**HEN I am only fit to go to bed,  
Or hobble out to sit within the sun,  
Ring down the curtain, say the play is done,  
And the last petals of the poppy shed!